

Dark Matter

by WildCobra

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Summary: A Story Of 2 Groups Of Spartan Mercenaries, That Have Broken Off Completely From ONI, Have Joined Together, Not By Choice Though, To Figure Out Why It Was Released Into The City And To Quell And Stop The 'Dark Matter' That Has Spread Throughout All Of Barbosa City (Just Think Of New Alexandria, Just Not Destroyed By The Covenant) Until They Run Into Certain Group Of Problems. . . .

1. Dark Matter - Chapter 1: Descension

~ The Story Will Be Going Through Out Different Areas, But The First Few Chapters Will Take Place Within The City For Now And Also It'll Be Giving You A Description Of Their Color And Armor Variant For When The First Speak, But After That It Won't Show Unless Need Be And You Can Look Up The Armor Types If You Want A More Visual Look Of What They Look Like Hopefully This Is Written The Way I See Other Stories, But Enjoy The 1st Chapter Of _Dark__ Matter _And A New Update Will Be Most Likely Within The Week ~

*** Disclaimer: I Don't Own Anything Involving In The Halo Universe It Belongs To The Respected Company 343 Industries I Only Own Just My OC's!***

~~ Enjoy ~~

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><p>Dark Matter_

~ Year - Unknown December 12, 2:10 P.M. -

~ Planet: Gaia, City: Barbosa -

**~ Zone 2A, Market District, 40 minutes before infection occurred
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**** - Viewpoint: Mercenaries Phoenix And Tundra - ****

**** - Gender/Height (****In Order As Shown By Name Above****): Male 6'7 and Male 5'9 - ****

"Why me...would you just pick one already Tundra, we have more important matters to attend to and we really don't have time to waste and my patience is running ****VERY**** thin right now." Phoenix said with in a near threatening growl.

"Now now, Phoenix, what's the hurry, it's not like they'll be going anywhere and we've still got plenty of time before the place opens up so relax big guy." Responding in a humorous mundane tone, completely oblivious to his angered tone.

"Tundra," in a low deep angered manner, "Get your shit picked within. . . the next 15 seconds or I'm dragging you to the auction house whether you like it or not."

Tundra bent down and went into a small fit of laughter, not even taking Phoenix seriously over a threat about hurrying along to pick the equipment

"Pfff, Yeah Right," Tundra, casually waved him off and continued browsing the ammo shelf for different types of sniper bullets, but Phoenix wasn't having it this >time he didn't even wait the given 15 seconds he warned him, Phoenix moved in with swift speed behind Tundra putting both arms under Tundra's hoisting him up into air, bending backwards, suplexing, Tundra into the ground. Phoenix picked him self up off the ground, dusting the small concrete pieces off his armor, then grabbed Tundra by the back of his armor and began dragging Tundra out of the Market District towards the Auction house the store owners, customers, and security all stood in shock or in silence as to altercation that just occurred between two the spartans ending up with the spartan in the black and green ORBITAL armor being dragged by the taller black and orange spartan in FOTUS armor.<p>

"I warned you, but you never listen, next time listen" Phoenix said, as if Tundra was conscious, which unknown to Phoenix, he wasn't.

Phoenix was a usual always on-time and patient person, but when it came down to his annoying, talkative, bashful partner, Tundra, sometimes his harden composure just couldn't always keep his cool with Tundra around. The only real reason he still dealt with Tundra around him was because he was the best at what he does when they would go on another bounty hunt for highly wanted rebel leaders, or a casual escort job which would either have them watching cargo or moving people to exotic creatures, whether they were a kidnapped or sold, they mainly just accepted the job they were hired to do and near always did it without question, the only concern they had was how much they would get paid. Though when they did receive the money, Tundra would take a 'UNGODLY' amount of time, as Phoenix called it, towards what equipment would be needed for the next mission, but this time Phoenix wanted to use a portion that money, from their latest escort mission, towards a buy into a new armor set at the auction house that he had his eyes set on for a while now, and now without any other interruptions, they now were making their way to the auction house.**

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><p>- Year - Unknown December 12, 2:35 P.M. -

** - Planet: Gaia, City: Barbosa -**

** - Zone 2A, Auction House, 15 minutes before infection occurred
_**

** - Viewpoint: Brass, Razor, And Jet -**

**** - Gender/Height (In Order As Shown By Name Above): Male 6'3,
Female 6'0 , And Female 5'8 -****

"What in the blood hound's hell is the damn hold up!" Brass, spartan in white and blue WARRIOR armor, exclaimed in an annoyed tone.

"Who knows, but I do find it a bit odd and compelling that the auction house isn't open and bustling with a various amount of people that ha-," Jet, in orange and black ENGINEER armor was saying until interrupted mid-sentence.

"Oh can your damn yapping mouth Jet, I really don't want to put up with your intellectual bullshit right now, so do me a favor both of you, and keep quiet i don't

>need your mouths running also with these other people around us already talking loud enough, got it?!"Razor, in yellow and black STRIDER armor, spat out annoyed by the fact, besides having to deal with Jet and Brass complaining, she hated being in the market district, let alone being in the auction house around crowds of people which was uncomfortable for her being around so many unknown people to which she didn't know if they where friendly or hostile.<p>

"Look, yes Jet i find it odd myself that the auction house hasn't opened yet, even though I barley find myself coming around this place unless important, but right now I wou-," before Razor herself could finish her sentence, she instantly clenched her hands into tightly balled fist, had her hands been not covered in armor, her knuckles would have shown bare white, and turned her attention to the screeching noise of metal on metal coming closer near the her group, having to find out that the source of the painful metal screeching sound is a spartan, much taller then Brass who stood a good three inches higher then her, was dragging another spartan, as if he where paper, and moving through the crowd towards the front of the auction house gates, to which they were also standing near the gates themselves, Razor decided to turn away, trying to the best of her ability not to go shot him in the face right then and there, and went on to then to find a calm state of mind, but then things. . . .went from mildly peaceful, into a state of confused mess and chaos, Brass's voice of warning "Look Out Ra-" was only heard for a split second until something hard rammed right into her back sending her flying right into the auction house gates.

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><p>- Year - Unknown December 12, 2:45 P.M. -

** - Planet: Gaia, City: Barbosa - **

** - Zone 2A, Market District, 5 minutes before infection occurred
- **

** - Viewpoint: Mercenaries Phoenix And Tundra - **

** - Gender/Height (****In Order As Shown By Name Above****): Male 6'7
and Male 5'9 - **

"**WAKE THE HELL UP!" **Phoenix yelled while tossing his partner unconscious through the front of the crowd coming into contact with 3 others, sending the now flying group, into the auction house gates with a thunderous crash and dust building up, from one person who didn't make it all the way towards the gate but skid towards it mid-flight, everything and everyone was eerily quiet, Phoenix himself was a little startled from what he did not by the fact that he threw Tundra, but only by the he didn't mean to also have his body go fly into other people and off with him, Even with that thought movement was heard and it caught everyone's attention and then coughing, and finally much all to familiar to Phoenix, It was Tundra.

"What in the hell?" said Tundra as he started to pick himself up "Why in he-" he was immediately cut off with something grabbing his throat, he grabs at it to see a arm and he looks down to see a another spartan and female by the looks of it, possibly mercenary as well, in yellow and black color STRIDER armor he tries to speak but only feels the death like grip on his throat tighten even more and then she begins to get up while still holding his neck and says "NowI **REALLY** tried very. . . very hard not to let my **ANGER** get the best of me today, and spartans are never suppose show emotion but now. . . now it seems that's impossible to do so. . . .," she didn't finish her sentence she just stood there and let her grip loosen a little which allowed him to speak, which he said,

"S..so what?" in still stranded manner by her grip still in firmly around his neck.

She pulled him slowly toward her, now fully standing, nearly to were both their helmets where touching and spoke with a loud furious anger as she tossed him back towards Phoenix, which he simply moved out of the way and let Tundra go flying behind him.

"**WHY DON'T WE GIVE THESE KIND WAITING PEOPLE A FUCKING SHOW WHILE RELEASING ALL OF THAT ANGER HUH!**" She yelled as everyone began to move back, only Phoenix and Tundra, who recovered mid-air, stood their ground, The other 2 people near stood at the ready, which they also got themselves up during the small scuffle, and now both groups stood silently staring each other down through there visors, until a giant sonic boom was heard above them and a large hurling fire ball, the size of a caterpillar dump truck, was descending down towards them at an incredible speed, everyone one in the area begin to scramble, running as fast as they can to avoid what looks to be a certain impending death to those that stayed, both groups took one last glare at each other with Razor saying "We'll deal with you pathetic excuse for spartans another time," and began to leave quickly in opposite directions Razor's group to the left of the auction house, leaving Phoenix and Tundra moving to the right side with haste, with a roaring burst the meteor crashed landed into a storage warehouse, not far from the auction house itself, then all

hell broke lose, from inhumane screeching roars.

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><p>~ Well I Kind Feel Like The Ending Was Kinda Left With A Mediocre Epic "Bleh", But Fear Not, I Promise To Do Better For My First Story And Hopefully Improve My Writing Style Along The Way, More Chapters To Come Soon! And Look Out For My Other Stories, And Any Useful PraiseCriticism Would Be Much Appreciated Enjoy Your Day!
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2. Dark Matter: Spilled Blood

~Back with another chapter into this Halo fanfiction story, and for some of those that are more worried about the capitalization of every 1st letter i do into every word, its a habit i picked up, and it doesn't determine my writing skills nor is it the story, the story is not the summary, so just read and enjoy and for the sake of those who can't stand it I will TRY to break the habit, but it's kinda hella hard since I've done it for so long, anyway, enjoy this next chapter!~

I Don't Own Anything Within The Halo Universe, It Belongs To Said Company, 343 Industries, I Just Own My OCs

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><p>Dark Matter:** **_Spilled Blood_**

The warehouse was now a huge crater with flames of were the meteor had crashed, the sound of heavy footsteps of concrete and metal being crushed as a dark figure arouse, most of its body shadowed by black smoke emerging from the burning crater, it could be mistaken as jiralhanae if it weren't for the hulking slouching stance and deep ragged breathing acting as in rage like a savage animal out for blood. The creature continued lurking its way up from the crater with eagerness, stopping at the mouth of the crater, sniffed in the air and gave out a low growl and began stalking its way towards the central market place. "Let's move people, we don't have all damn day!" a man shouting to the group running straight the destruction of the warehouse, a rescue team of 8 was dispatched to the scene, unable to use their vehicles due to the paths along the had some huge gaps and the a semi-long walkway, so they decided to hoof it and gather the injured to the infirmary by chopper when they radioed in and cleared out while putting down the flames that quickly erupted over the horizon as soon as possible to see the end of any further damage.

During their trek to the area a loud low rumbling growl erupted all above and around the group of men causing them to halt their movement in search for the sound. "What in the hell was that?" asked one the rescuers "Who gives a damn, it's not our primary concern we have a job to do and it isn't going to get done just standing around here get moving!" barked the rescue team leader. They began their pace again and moved with more haste, some more concerned about the odd growl they just heard. Nearly just a few blocks away they heard another growl, but this time louder than before with more hostility. The group began to move with caution.

They finally rounded the last corner into the market place where the warehouses were and went straight into work. Two of men went into setting up a large mobile fire extinguisher, another pair went and searched for any wounded near the affected area then the last four had went into the fire and began to put out the flames with the hoses attached the extinguisher the other group had set up. Thirty minutes had pasted by and nearly half of the flaming wreckage had begun to die out from their efforts, and the pair that had set out to find any injured hadn't found anyone in the area and went and radioed their bird for team pick up as the continued to finish with putting out the destroyed warehouse. Near upon finishing they all froze as this time they heard a beastly inhumane roar, they all began quickly searching left and right for where the source came from, but their efforts were in vain as the white smoke mixed in with some of the smog from extinguishing the black flames blocked their vision. "Control, this is rescue team TA-56, at site 53, we've got a problem here over" reported the leader of the team, a few silent seconds went by and another voice came over his radio "TA-56, this is control what's the situation?" the voice said.

"Seems like there is some kind of creature loose again, probably one that got lose from the auction house nearby, would you mind sending down a control unit down with the chopper to check it out, sounds pretty big too, but nothing probably too bad." He reported back, "Roger that TA-56 we'll have a team down their ETA, 15 minutes." The voice said "Roger that control well finish up here and hang tight, TA-56 out." as he began to make his way back to finish putting the rest of the of the wreckage out, a muffled cry was heard and then the sound of crushing noise the a wet sound hitting the ground.

Nothing but silence and the luminous smoke fog waved in the motion then another muffled cry came sounded out and right after it a loud wet crunching noise as if something ripped with pain followed by a gurgled voice followed by a sudden wet _splat_ coming into the contact with ground. He quickly grabbed at his radio nervously, but quietly radioed to his team "Everyone regroup at the front of the wreckage, move quickly and quietly." He strained over his radio.

Leader of the group was the first to get to the crater, then came 2 more, then another, but he was walking slowly and shaking with his hand over his left side dark crimson red trickling down him in large amounts the he spoke as if he has seen a ghost, "I. . . I couldn't. . . I could-", he didn't finish his sentence as warm blood burst had splattered and covered the three remaining team members, the impaled man looked down to see a large claw hand, drenched in his own blood, punched through his chest and coughed up blood. He groaned in agonizing pain as he was lifted up, he grabbed at the clawed hand pushing down with all his strength, but his efforts became futile. He forced around to the creature, it gazed at him with hunger set in its vicious dark green eyes. It sniffed at him, then bared its sharp teeth, before he even got the chance to let out another painful grunt it lunged at him, bringing its huge maw down hard in-between his neck and shoulder and take a chunk out of his upper torso instantly killing him. The beast threw his body off its claw, as if he were a rag-doll, swallowed down the human flesh, slow letting down its head back down setting its sight on the rest of its prey and let out its inhumane roar, "***RUN NOW!***" the leader screamed at the top of his lungs and the remaining men took off like they never have before. The

beast shook itself as if it was enjoying the fear they were showing and let off another howl before giving chase after the remaining member of the rescue team.

The yells and screams During the ordeal of the savage slaughter of the team, two figures from a high-end tower were surveying the scene and studying what was taking place.

"Well what do you think?"

"I think that we won't be able to keep this under raps, soon it will spread and begin to affect this whole city and I don't think we need another planet filled with these things. . . ."

"Well, we'll just have to try to keep it contained this time"

"If we can manage it without that maniac letting it do as it pleases this time"

"Let's get moving"

The two figures disappeared from the roof of the tower leaving not a single trace of themselves ever being there.

End
file.